EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

ALGER HISS AT PRINCETON: ROBERT SKLAR

THE Nation

MAY 5, 1956
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Great Boomerang

The Irony of Containment

by William A. Williams

That Maverick Morse

by Robert L. Riggs

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Letters

More on Capital Punishment

[The comment of Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan on Fred J. Cook's article, Does the Death Sentence Prevent Crime?, which appeared in our April 28 issue, was received too late to be included in the round-up of comment printed last week. It is presented here together with letters from other readers which were crowded out of last week's issue. THE EDITORS.]

Dear Sirs: I have read The Nation's article on capital punishment with great interest, and the facts contained strengthen my belief that Michigan should not return to the death penalty which was abandoned 110 years ago.

Stevens T. Mason, first governor of Michigan, describes in one of his journals the disgraceful spectacle of a public hanging in Detroit, at which the victim and most of the spectators were intoxicated. Partly as a consequence of public disgust with such methods of punishing crime, the death penalty was dropped in 1846, and life imprisonment for first-degree murder was substituted.

Since that time there have been scores of attempts to re-institute the death penalty—usually as a reaction to some particularly heinous crime. Since 1875, thirty-one bills calling for the execution of persons convicted of murder were introduced. Only two of these measures got through the Legislature. One, in 1929, was vetoed by Governor Fred W. Green. The other, adopted in 1931, contained a referendum clause, and was rejected by the people 352,000 to 269,000.

The people, I believe, were wise in their decision, and no legislature has ventured since then to pass a capital-punishment bill.

The evidence that the death penalty does not deter crime seems to me to be overwhelming. But from a governor's viewpoint, I am also impressed by the instances which I have personally experienced of persons convicted of first-degree murder where there existed a clear presumption of innocence.

We had one case in Michigan where a woman, convicted of poisoning her husband, spent twenty-six years in prison. This case came to my attention when the State Parole Board, in the normal course of events, recommended that I extend her executive clemency, commuting her life sentence so she could be paroled. In the Parole Board's report of the case, there was clear indication that she never should have been convicted at all. I saw no reason to parole her on those grounds, and instead granted her a full pardon.

A second case which attracted nationwide attention was the case of Vance Hardy, who spent twenty-seven years in prison for a murder allegedly committed during a holdup. Through the good offices of the so-called "Court of Last Resort" headed by Erle Stanley Gardner, the noted detective-story writer, a new trial was obtained and Hardy was acquitted.

In 1953 the Detroit Free Press interested itself in the case of Willie Calloway who had served eight years for first-degree murder. A new trial resulted in acquittal.

Had Michigan been a capital-punishment state, these persons, later found to be innocent or at least (in the woman's case) not conclusively guilty, would probably have been executed years ago.

Michigan has a fair and equitable judicial system. I do not believe that courts and juries in this state are any more prone to error than in other states. The conclusion is that similar errors, resulting in the execution of innocent persons, probably occur in capital-punishment states. These cases would not be likely to come to light years later, as did the three Michigan cases I have cited, because nobody is interested in proving the innocence of an alleged murderer long years in his grave.

It seems to me intolerable that a civilized state, founded on a belief in human dignity, should risk such tragic misuse of its authority, particularly when the record indicates it does not accomplish the objective of deterring crime.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Governor of Michigan

Dear Sirs: In my career as a prison chaplain I have seen too many cases where a person was convicted of murder and later vindicated. I am especially thinking of the Hoffner case where an unscrupulous district attorney concealed part of the line-up evidence in order to have a case settled, and only the stenographic report that was still held by the court stenographer proved that part of the line-up minutes were kept from the original trial.

Had the jury not recommended mercy, Louis Hoffner would have been executed. After serving twelve years of his life sentence he was freed by people who believed in his innocence.

KURT L. METZGER
Rabbi, Temple Beth-El
Glens Falls, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I believe capital punishment had a point and purpose in the days of the ancient Hebrews when care was taken to indoctrinate the children thoroughly on the sanctity of life from the earliest days of childhood. But it is my conviction that it is wrong to exact the death penalty when unaccompanied by such indoctrination in the sacredness of human life, the sanctity of the home and all related social responsibilities. Capital punishment itself is powerless to stop the march of crime without these teachings, and with such a comprehensive program of education it is doubtful if capital punishment would be needed. It is useless to retain capital punishment in a country where a flood of crime comics and other indecent literature is permitted to poison the minds of children and adults alike.

ALBERT A. SORENSON
Protestant Chaplain,
Joliet-Stateville Prisons
Statesville, Illinois.

Dear Sirs: I must say that I can't recall a single murder case in my years of coverage of matters of violent death where the penalty had any effect on the mayhem at hand. The cold professional killers conduct themselves according to plan, and for business reasons. There is no thought of the penalty, unless they are caught. Then they have their political and legal connections. Little thought is given to the law, which will frequently be on their side.

W. M. EVERETT, JR.
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Mo.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1956
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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

The Risk of Peace

There is wide agreement in the press that President Eisenhower's speech of April 21 to the newspaper editors, coming as it did in the wake of important foreign-policy speeches by Adlai Stevenson and Senator Barkley, heralds if not the end then the beginning of the end of the cold-war phase of American policy. In different ways, and with different phrases, both the President and Mr. Stevenson were expressing their willingness to abandon the postures, attitudes and policies of the cold war. The President, of course, felt compelled to defend the policies of the last three years just as Mr. Stevenson felt compelled to attack them. But the President in private would doubtless accept some of the criticism just as Mr. Stevenson, in private, would perhaps concede that the Eisenhower-Dulles program to which he objects represents, in most respects, a quite logical extension of the Truman-Acheson policy.

Basically there was little disagreement; both men agree that new policies must be devised to meet a new situation. Their specific proposals were limited, tentative, uninspiring, but both speeches, as Walter Lippman pointed out, were made by men who are still "at the stage of asking the questions rather than of preparing the definitive answers." This is not surprising. After all, American policy since as early, perhaps, as 1937, has been based on the anticipation of war, the existence of a state of war, or, as in the last decade, the waging of a cold war. The nation, like its leaders, is in the position of deciding which questions to raise. Are we willing to accept the assumption of France's Foreign Minister Pineau that "the policy of war has been ruled out; it is a question now of pursuing a policy of peace"? And just how is peace to be pursued? And with what risks? In the meantime we are reluctant to abandon, overnight, the old bristling slogans and defiant postures.

A cold war can't be terminated as a hot war can, by armistice, negotiation or surrender; it has to be abandoned discreetly. To acknowledge publicly that the cold war is over would mean that we might also be forced to concede that our present China policy is utterly mistaken and neither party, of course, can muster the courage to make this concession in an election year.

All the same, American policy is making the big turn, negotiating the bend in the stream. Both the President and Mr. Stevenson would probably say "amen" to some recent remarks by Nehru to the Indian Parliament:

> This business of cold war and anything that leads to cold war completely lacks sense. It has no meaning, because cold war is only a step to prepare the atmosphere for a hot war. Cold war means the development of hatred and the spirit of violence and the preparation for war, violence all the time. It is folly to spend all your energy to do something which you want to avoid doing. It has no meaning. Again, you may do it because of fears and the like. There is always that conflict in people's minds. But it is a wrong policy, fundamentally.

Anticipating the News

This last week the nation's press finally began to be curious about the remarkable California politician, Mr. Murray Chotiner, who bobbed up in the news as the recipient of a $5,000 fee from some clothing manufacturers under investigation in Washington. With an air of presenting brand-new facts, the New York *Times* reported (April 26): "Mr. Chotiner . . . was identified in California today as having been associated with the campaign of Senator William F. Knowland" (in addition, that is, to having been Vice-President Nixon's political impresario these many years). Chotiner's career in California politics, including his handling of Senator Knowland's 1946 campaign, was described in detail in *The Nation*, July 2, 1955. More recently, Doris Fleeson devoted a column (February 28, 1956) to Chotiner in which she said " . . . for some reason Chotiner, who taught Nixon how and has been his campaign manager, has escaped national attention." Quite the contrary; our article had simply escaped Miss Fleeson's usually keen and roving eye. One may now confidently predict that political dopesters, "inside" Washington columnists and others will be discovering Mr. Chotiner every hour on the hour. We are delighted that the press is beginning to share our interest in the Chotiner story. To spot a good news story first is one thing; to see it headlined in the general press nearly a year after it has been reported in these pages is part of the fun of getting out this paper every week.

A Case for the FCC

Under what circumstances can an organization dedicated to the protection of civil liberties secure TV time in New York? Recently the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee was asked, by a concern interested in sponsoring a civil-liberties program, to prepare a series of such programs. All network channels were found to be unavailable; their timing and programming is con-

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trolled far in advance. Most of the independent stations in New York gave various reasons for not accepting the programs; finally, Station WATV in Newark agreed to accept them. A contract was signed by the sponsor and forwarded to the station for execution. After announcements of the series had been released, station officials asked to see the script and then returned the contract unsigned with the explanation that the station had decided, as a matter of policy, not to allow commercial sponsorship of a program "about political or controversial matters." The E. C. L. C. then offered to pay for the time itself but again the station declined to accept the program. The case provides the FCC with an excellent opportunity to determine at a public hearing whether it is possible to buy time on TV outlets in New York for political or controversial programs.

Mr. Moses and the Mamas

Robert Moses, who holds innumerable public offices in New York to none of which he has ever been elected (see David Cort's article in our issue of March 31), is a brave man. The victor, often alone and unaided, of many bruising encounters with councilmen, legislators, Congressmen, bankers and pressure-group officials, he is not the man to reckon the odds before doing battle or to whistle for the cops once the fighting starts. But even men as brave as Mr. Moses would have hesitated to take on, as he did recently, a group of tearful and enraged mothers fighting to save a small section of Central Park as a playground for their youngsters. In the dead of night, the commissioner moved in, took possession of the disputed terrain, and had it fenced against the little intruders and their mothers. Dawn found the former playground area in possession of a police inspector, twenty patrolmen and six policewomen. Commissioner Moses had decreed its seizure so that the owner of the Tavern-on-the-Green, a restaurant leased from New York City, might enhance the value of his concession by installing a neat, hygienic, well-kept, solidly paved parking lot at a cost of $400,000 —to be deducted from future rentals.

This latest victory is in the best Moses tradition. It is as though the commissioner, having read David Cort's comment that "whenever Moses discovers that a thing is loved by people, he feels emotionally driven to move it or improve it," had decided to prove its correctness to the satisfaction of the entire population of New York.

THE TOLERANT TIGER

Alger Hiss at Princeton . . *by Robert Sklar*

Princeton, N. J.

TO MOST undergraduates of Princeton University and to the dozens of press representatives that swamped the campus, the appearance of Alger Hiss here last Thursday night, his first in public since his release from prison fifteen months ago, was a little disappointing. In spite of threats and predictions of disorder, no disturbance and little noise greeted his arrival or marred his talk before 200 members of the Whig-Cliosophic Society and a jammed press section. The speech itself, on "The Meaning of Geneva," was conventionally delivered and conventionally received; what made the occasion notable was the fact that he was able to speak at all.

Princeton University's American Whig-Cliosophic Society, which bills itself on letterheads as "the oldest political and debating society in the world," has seen better days. Since the middle of the last century, when it was at the zenith of its prestige, Whig-Clio has steadily lost ground to newer extra-curricular activities, modern diversions and the post-war political apathy which has overcome most undergraduates. At its annual colloquium last year, an embarrassing forty listeners turned out to hear one of the featured speakers, a United States Senator.

In an effort to recoup its position, the society's new slate of officers sent out invitations early in March to nineteen prospective spring speakers. In so doing they ignored the normal custom which calls for undergraduate organizations to consult with the university administration before issuing invitations. Included in the impressive list were Vice-President Nixon, Generals Marshall and MacArthur, Senators Knowland and McCarthy, Cabinet members Benson and Dulles, and Alger Hiss, former State Department advisor and convicted perjurer who has steadfastly denied his guilt.

When Hiss, only recently released from the penitentiary after serving three years and eight months of a five-year sentence, accepted the invitation, Whig-Clio president Bruce O. Bringgold brought up the matter with university officials. Following a meeting of the president's Administrative Council, the "full scope and serious implications of their action were made clear to the students, as well as the probable impact on public opinion," according to the Princeton *Alumni Weekly*. But the administration refused to order the society's officers to rescind the invitation and thus relieve them of a responsibility which it believed was purely theirs.

After considering the matter over the Easter recess, the officers returned determined to proceed with the program. The date for the speech was set for April 26, a statement was released to the daily *Princetonian*,

ROBERT A. SKLAR, a former California journalist, is a sophomore at Princeton.

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and the first public announcement of Hiss's appearance was sandwiched into the society's monthly bulletin dated April 5:

> In a meeting restricted to the Princeton faculty and students, Alger Hiss will discuss "The Meaning of Geneva," with particular emphasis upon the relation of last summer's summit conference with previous Big Three or Big Four conferences. Although Hiss's record is not condoned, his case and career are of political significance, and his experience and opinions should be of interest and value to Princeton undergraduates. Following his address on Thursday, April 26, Hiss has indicated his desire for a question period.

The *Princetonian's* story told how a similar invitation to Hiss by Swarthmore College's chapter of Students for Democractic Action had been killed by the parent organization, Americans for Democratic Action, on the grounds that Hiss was a "convicted traitor."

As soon as the wire services picked up the story, adverse reaction began to pour into Princeton from alumni and non-alumni alike. "Some of it was irrational and abusive," said the *Alumni Weekly,* "but more than half was understanding, thoughtful and constructive." Yet by Monday, April 9, enough critical responses had been received to prompt President Harold W. Dodds to make this first official statement:

> The American-Whig-Cliosophic Society, the student debating group, on its own initiative has invited Alger Hiss to attend and address a meeting. Although the university administration some weeks ago warned the officers of the society of the implications of an invitation to a convicted perjurer, we think it unwise now to take responsibility for the decision out of the hands of the student organization.

On the following day Livingston T. Merchant, Princeton '26, Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs and the next day named Ambassador to Canada, wired Clio, of which he was a member: "I am certain that [Hiss's] appearance under your auspices would do lasting and irreparable damage to Princeton. I urge in strongest terms reconsider invitation."

Undergraduates were shocked and somewhat puzzled at the furor raised by the invitation, but when Bringgold again refused to cancel the speech, they stood staunchly behind

Alger Hiss

him. Spot polls taken across the campus Tuesday afternoon showed nearly 90 per cent of those questioned approved of the speech, even though few were sympathetic with either Hiss or his views and many believed that he should never have been invited to speak in the first place. But now that the speech was scheduled, they would, in the words of one senior, "stick by it in the interests of academic freedom."

The *Princetonian* reiterated this position in its first editorial statement the following day. While the editors questioned Whig-Clio's motives for inviting Hiss (as did many others, who felt that publicity and the possibility of drawing a crowd were the dominating factors), they praised the university's stand on the issue:

> . . . . Princeton's reputation will suffer more if the bid is rescinded than if Hiss comes here as scheduled. It would imply that Princeton is an institution which can be browbeaten by outside pressure groups. We believe that this stigma would be too great a price to pay merely to pacify the people who object to Alger Hiss.

By Wednesday, April 11, it was apparent that the torrent of criticism had just begun. University officials admitted their alarm over the damaging publicity. A spokesman for the administration said officials were worried by the extent of public misinterpretation of Whig-Clio's sponsoring of the speech. "Some believe the university is offering Hiss a lectureship," he said. The society's officers conferred again with university officials, with no change in the policy of either.

By now the affair had reached the floor of the House of Representatives. T. James Tumulty, the 350-pound Democrat from Northern New Jersey, berated Princeton and suggested "there's a little poison ivy creeping into the Ivy League." Two undergraduates, Raymond W. Apple and Richard J. Kluger, were quick to reply. They sent a telegram to New Jersey's Senator H. Alexander Smith (Princeton '01) and Representative Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen (Princeton '38), countering that the "undergraduate invitation to Hiss no more implies our tacit approval of his past actions than does Congressional questioning of, for instance, admitted former Communists imply that Congress approves of that Communist activity. . . . The question is, will you allow us to continue to be curious, or will you insist on telling us what to be curious about?"

The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars added their voices to the list of critics. Organized alumni protest also appeared with a three-column advertisement in the *Princetonian* by the Princeton Alumni Association of North New Jersey. "THINK IT OVER, WHIG-CLIO," it read, making three points: 1. The affair has already brought discredit to the university; 2. It will hurt annual giving; 3. It will reflect on students as individuals.

By Monday, April 16, ten days before the scheduled speech, the *Princetonian* editorialized that "for the first time since the Hiss controversy developed, it now appears that [Hiss] will be permitted to speak on the Princeton campus." To support this view, the campus paper cited two weekend developments: a comment by Adlai E. Stevenson (Princeton '22), declaring that "If

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the students choose to ask [Hiss], I would think that's the students' business," and a unanimous vote by the Undergraduate Council backing the university's stand.

While university spokesmen optimistically reported more favorable letters on Tuesday and Senator Smith finally replied that "the Whig-Clio Society has acted in a way to bring discredit and negative publicity on Princeton's good name," the most significant development was the Chicago *Tribune's* offer of its Washington correspondent, Willard Edwards, as a speaker to balance Hiss. Edwards, who covered both Hiss trials, is "something of an expert on Yalta," the *Tribune* asserted. Father Hugh Halton, outspoken chaplain to Roman Catholic students on campus, proudly accepted the offer, announcing that he had invited Edwards to speak on "The Meaning of Alger Hiss" on April 25, the day before Hiss's scheduled appearance. Halton's action was unpopular with many students, who believed that it would merely serve to aggravate the situation.

Fifty-two of Princeton's undergraduate veterans, meanwhile, signed a petition censuring the V. F. W. and the Legion for "their interference with an American citizen being allowed to express his views in public." And the Washington *Post* editorially defended the university position from the standpoint of academic freedom, the first newspaper to back Princeton in the controversy.

When the Board of Trustees—which includes New Jersey's Governor Meyner—finally backed President Dodds's decision "to refrain from authoritarian censorship" by a 26-4 vote, there was no longer any question that Hiss would speak. But while voting to hold hands off, the trustees unanimously registered their disapproval of the action of the students who had extended the bid.

BY last Wednesday, when Edwards was to speak, the campus seemed to be girding for battle. Roads were blocked off, the proctorial staff was increased, and 200 people were turned away from McCosh Hall, where the *Tribune* reporter was to appear. The 500 who did get in (the hall is considerably larger than the one in which Hiss spoke) hooted and jeered at Father Halton ("This is Princeton's darkest hour") and at the surprise appearance of Representative Tumulty ("I love Princeton more than you do"). Nevertheless the audience gave a standing ovation to Edwards, who traced Hiss's career with little hint of *Tribune* editorial bias and replied to a question on whether Hiss should be permitted to speak: "That's Princeton's business, not mine."

A little more than twenty-four hours later Hiss arrived at the front door of Whig Hall at 7:35 P. M. and left by a back door before 9 P. M., leaving several hundred spectators out in front to face the newsreel cameras alone. To most undergraduates the affair was over and they were willing to forget it. But one university official had a different idea. "This," he said, "is only the beginning." It was not clear whether he meant that hereafter Princeton was in for more trouble or Mr. Hiss in for less.

IRONY OF CONTAINMENT

A Policy Boomerangs . . . *by William A. Williams*

ONE OF the most neglected, yet illuminating, aspects of the history of the cold war is the recent decline in the United States of Sir Winston Churchill's prestige as a strategist of foreign affairs. His coincident retirement from active politics has little causative relationship with this eclipse of his influence. Rather the explanation lies in his argument that Soviet strength has increased the chances of avoiding a major war. American policy-makers and their cabal of experts at first tried to overlook such heretical mutterings from the man who delivered the keynote address of the cold war back in March, 1946. But Churchill refused to bow to the new priests of his old orthodoxy. In March, 1955, he asserted his revisionism in terms which made it impossible to misunderstand him, even though, as subsequent events have demonstrated, he could be ignored.

"It may be," he observed, "that we shall, by a process of sublime irony, have reached a stage in this story where safety will be the sturdy child of terror." This remark was so devastating to the assumptions and rationalizations of the policies of containment and liberation (which Kennan now admits are "two sides of the same coin") that American leaders made a concerted effort to stuff it down the memory hole as quickly as possible. Churchill's facility and weakness for the dramatic phrase did him a disservice in this instance, for those who did comment on the speech concentrated on twisting the phrase about "the sturdy child of terror" into an endorsement of the ideas of "Negotiation from Strength" and "Peace through Power."

Churchill was making a radically different point, of course. He was saying, in short, that the policies of containment and liberation have worked, but for reasons and by a logic exactly the opposite of those advanced by their originator and supporters. If this is in fact the case, then the practical conclusion which follows is both very clear and vastly significant. It means that a narrow and militant anti-Soviet policy works to increase the power, influence and prestige of the Soviet Union throughout the world. And startling though it may seem, the record of the last

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ten years offers considerable support for such an interpretation.

It would appear worthwhile to examine this hypothesis, moreover, because neither official policy-makers nor their advisors seem able, either independently or in collaboration, to reach a consensus on this key question. There are, as the new York *Times* pointed out a year ago, two competing interpretations of the relationship between American policy and current events in Russia. The containment-liberation crowd asserts that American pressure, impinging upon the basic weaknesses of the Soviet system, is directly and primarily responsible for the recent modifications in Russian policy. But another group argues that these changes have come from within, as a consequence of Russia's recovery from wartime devastation and its subsequent progress. This second view, of course, has important implications for any analysis, though its proponents do not acknowledge or discuss such ramifications. By and large, therefore, the existing dispute does not deal directly with the central issue.

This confusion is painfully and obviously apparent in the public side of the debate. Secretary Dulles touched it off with his remarks that the Soviet economy was "on the point of collapsing" and that the system was "bankrupt," thus implying that containment was about to produce liberation. This analysis provoked Kennan to make a very sharp retort—"I don't recognize the world Mr. Dulles is talking about" —even though the comment rendered a rather damning judgment on his own policy of containment. Dulles graciously retreated, as if in repayment for Kennan's earlier resignation, and acknowledged that the international situation was still bad even though there had been some improvement.

Most of those who have supported containment (which includes about 99 per cent of the nation's leaders) have sided with Kennan in the ensuing discussion. They, too, seem oblivious to the implications of such a position for their earlier actions. Thus Senator O'Mahoney asserted at the close of 1955 that "world peace is further away now" than at any time since the end of the Korean War. As late as April 4 of this year, Harry Truman agreed, seeing the Russians "more dangerous now than ever before." Averell Harriman, who seems to view himself as a combination of the Samuel Adams and the George Washington of the cold war, contradicts and confutes himself in the same speech. First he cries out that American policy has failed, but then he goes on, in a swirl of language that obscures the logic-chopping, to assert that the only thing that can save us is more of the same.

Still others, who are generally credited with more subtle minds than either Truman or Harriman, advance equally curious arguments. Clifton Daniel, who just won a prize for his handling of the news in Russia, offered one novel interpretation while on a recent *Meet the Press* panel, arguing that all our troubles started when the Eisenhower Administration got too tough with the Russians, thus forcing them to retaliate by becoming more devilish than ever. The most charitable explanation of the *Times* assistant foreign editor's performance (and, very likely, the correct one) is that he really understands the "sublime irony" of containment to which Churchill referred, but hesitated publicly to pull the rug out from under his cantankerous father-in-law. Certainly Daniel is quite aware that Dwight D. Eisenhower has been far less belligerent toward the Russians than was Harry S. Truman.

ADLAI Stevenson has done no better than Daniel, and with less excuse. It takes considerable research, for example, to come up with a more confounding bit of analysis than the following gem supplied by the Bard of Michigan Avenue. "I hardly need point out," he commented recently, "that for this nation to walk to the verge of war three times in three years while drastically reducing our military defenses for domestic political advantage can only be counted as 'suicidal folly.'" The implicit meaning of his comment is that it would have been quite all right to walk to the brink of war three times in three years if only we had *not* reduced our armaments.

All these examples, and countless more which could be cited, emphasize the need to establish the actual relationship between the American policy of containment-liberation and the development of Russian domestic and foreign policy. For if it is true,

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Toward a New Brink

as Churchill suggests, that containment has worked to strengthen Russia by reinforcing ideological and nationalistic forces, then it would seem wise to abandon such a policy as the essential first step in developing a viable program for coexistence. Such an analysis needs to begin with a review of the relative power of America and Russia at the time when Kennan formulated, and Truman accepted, the doctrine of containment.

The central feature of this comparative power alignment, of course, was America's unilateral possession of the technological and military capacity to produce and deliver atomic bombs. Beyond this, the United States had a navy larger than the combined fleets of the rest of the world; an army trained, equipped and battle-conditioned with the most advanced and mobile weapons; the world's only undamaged industrial plant and unharmed managerial and labor force; and possession of, or access to, a great number of military and economic bases extending from Germany on around the Soviet Union to Japan.

It is customary, at this juncture, for official spokesmen to point out indignantly that the United States demobilized whereas the Soviet Union did not. Even if this assertion were true in the sense in which it is presented, which it is not, it would still be necessary to assess relative power after such disarmament. But the facts of demobilization do not fit the official shibboleth. America disarmed, as this writer overheard

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an admiral remark in 1947, in the sense that it got a bazooka under one arm, a B-B gun under the other, and then dropped the B-B gun. On another level, much is made of the navy's Operation Mothball, in which the fleet was supposedly zipped up in cellulose storage bags. Not only is this false in an absolute sense; it ignores the fact that Russia's deep-water fleet was not even capable of challenging what was left of the Royal Navy. At the center of the analysis, however, stand three unalterable facts: America's monopoly of nuclear weapons and a strategic bombing force; its colossal and undamaged industrial strength; its excellent geopolitical situation.

RUSSIA did not occupy so fortunate a position at the end of the war. Perhaps the most distorted and misunderstood aspect of its power position concerned its occupation of Eastern Europe. In the first place, as Senator Russell pointed out, those countries "were all devastated as badly or worse than our allies." On balance, moreover, the area was weaker than Western Europe, even under the best of circumstances. Moscow's policy of ruthlessly draining those nations to supply Russia's immediate needs served, furthermore, to increase their dissatisfaction with Soviet occupation. These considerations led General Gruenther to discount even the possibility of Russia using them as a springboard for an attack on the West prior to 1952, and even then he estimated that the chances of such action were so small as to be meaningless.

The evidence of absolute and relative weakness becomes even more dramatic when one examines the situation then existing in Russia itself. The contrast with the United States was stark and undeniable: no atomic armaments; no strategic-bombing force; no blue-water navy; a devastated and over-strained industrial and transportation system; a mangled agriculture; a depleted labor force; and a sad, weary and lethargic population. As for the the army, General Gruenther reported that it mustered less than three million men in 1947. Nor was it being equipped with new arms that matched America's, for the Russian economy was being converted to production for peacetime reconstruction, and output was down.

In their unguarded moments, America's own cold warriors have let slip the fact of Russia's relative weakness at the time. Kennan himself acknowledged, in the famous "X" article, that Russia, "as opposed to the Western world in general, is still by far the weaker party." As late as 1950, Harriman reported that the "economic strength is all on the side of the free countries"; and Secretary Acheson added that Moscow had "nothing to match E. R. P. and the Point IV concept in the economic field . . . nothing to match the North Atlantic Treaty concept in the field of defense."

Perhaps the most impressive evidence comes from the two top Soviet leaders' revelation of Stalin's formal request for a six-billion-dollar loan from the citadel of capitalism, and Molotov's recent remark that no one in the Kremlin even dreamed, as of 1945-46, that Russia's position could conceivably be so strong in a mere ten years. Small wonder it was, then, that Senator Taft (let alone Henry Wallace) was so reviled by the Republican and Democratic bipartisans for containment when he commented, back in those days, that "it has sometimes seemed to me that the Russian threat is over-estimated."

INSTEAD of long-term credits and candid negotiations, the Russians got Kennan's containment, Truman's doctrine and Dulles' liberation. Emphasizing the grave and immediate danger of Russian power, and arguing that Soviet leadership had to expand in order to keep itself in power, Kennan minced no words in stating the purpose of American policy. The United States, he concluded, "has it in its power to increase enormously the strains under which Soviet policy must operate, to force upon the Kremlin a far greater degree of moderation and circumspection than it has had to observe in recent years, and in this way to promote tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the break-up or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power."

Nine years later Kennan argued that he had been misunderstood. "I did not," he claimed, "want people to take a despairing and dramatic view of Soviet relations, as many of them were inclined to do." And he went on to deny that his policy recommendations had any implicit or causative relationship to the militant and militarized policy which followed upon his advice of 1945-47. He did not explain, however, why he had waited so long to get around to clearing up the confusion about what he had meant.

NOW it is wrong, of course, to maintain that Kennan was solely responsible for American policy toward Russia after 1945. For one thing, he did not have that kind of power. But he did have tremendous influence: directly with such figures in the Truman Administration as Harriman and Forrestal; and indirectly through the medium of his "X" article, which became the ideological and intellectual touchstone of American thinking on relations with Russia. And, while it is true that Harry Truman was not a man to let a bureaucrat make policy, he was, as he recently remarked, a man "who never went in for half measures." Once he accepted the argument and objectives of containment, it was not surprising that he put it into operation as a Monroe Doctrine for the world.

It is pertinent, in view of this story and Kennan's more recent protestations of innocence, to review the language and tone of the "X" article. For contrary to what he says in 1955, his own words of 1946 would seem to qualify as "despairing and dramatic." Kennan first described the Soviets as "fierce," "jealous" and characterized by "aggressive intransigence." Then he asserted that they were only "sensitive to contrary force, more ready to yield on individual sectors of the diplomatic front when that force is felt to be too strong." And he concluded by describing their policy as moving "inexorably along the prescribed path, like a persistent toy automobile wound up and headed in a given direction, stopping only when it meets with some unanswerable force," or when it runs into "superior force" or "unassailable barriers in its path." His recommendation to "confront the Russians with unalterable counter force" was based on the assumption that the United States "had in its power . . . to force upon the Kremlin" a general compliance with American will.

Either Kennan can not accurately set down on paper what he really had in his mind, or he sought, in

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his recent apologia, to minimize his own responsibility during the last decade. Whatever the answer, it is certain that the makers of American foreign policy took Kennan's 1946 language at its face value. Abroad, therefore, they embarked upon a program of forcing the Soviet Union to accept extreme terms of settlement. At home, meanwhile, they "bombarded the American people," in the words of one sober and ideologically impeccable student, "with a 'hate the enemy' campaign rarely seen in our history; never, certainly, in peacetime."

There ensued a widespread competition among American leaders (in which, it should be mentioned, Kennan participated) to see which of them could lay down the most all-encompassing prospectus for Russia's salvation. Secretary Acheson's pre-Korea speech at Berkeley in 1950 would seem, on balance, to have been the winner of this American Century Sweepstakes. Acheson laid down seven prerequisites that the Russians would have to meet, not for peace, but as conditions for negotiation. Since compliance with these demands would have reduced the Soviet bargaining posture to that of supplication, it is hardly surprising that Moscow described Acheson's "total diplomacy" as a policy of demanding unconditional surrender as the price of not fighting a war. A year after his Berkeley speech, Acheson unintentionally revealed the psychology of American policy. For although they were directed at Russia, his words cast a glaring light on Washington's attitude: "As long as there is a great disparity of power which makes negotiation seem to be unnecessary to one side, that causes them to believe they can accomplish their purpose without it."

ACCORDING to Kennan's theory, application of this kind of American power was supposed to produce, *in weak and fearful response,* either the mellowing or the collapse of the Soviet system. What actually happened was somewhat different. First, the Soviet Union reacted with a forced march to meet strength with strength; and second, once it had achieved this objective, it began to employ its vitality and confidence to reform and rationalize at home, which in turn extended its influence abroad.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Neglected Banner

Appearing as a classic and literal verification of Marx's most apocalyptic prophecy, the policy of containment strengthened the hand of every die-hard Marxist and every extreme Russian nationalist among the Soviet leadership. Those who defend containment as a necessity for America must also admit the validity of Stalin's argument that it was necessary for him to meet strength with strength, for justification by necessity knows no bounds of geography, ideology or morality. Thus the subtle interpretations of a Eugene Varga were brushed aside in Russia just as the sophisticated analyses of a Lewis Mumford were ignored in the United States.

Armed with the language and actions of containment, which underwrote and extended his existing power, Stalin could and did drive the Soviet people to the brink of collapse and, no doubt, to the thought of open resistance. But the dynamic of revolt was always blocked, even among those who did have access to the levels of authority, by the fact of containment and the open threat of liberation. Thus protected by his avowed enemies, Stalin was able to force his nation through extreme deprivations and extensive purges to the verge of physical and psychological exhaustion. But he also steered it through the perils of reconstruction to the security of nuclear parity with the United States.

There is considerable evidence that Stalin understood how narrowly he had skirted catastrophe, and sensed the need to relax the tempo and the rigor of Soviet life. And his successors, appalled even as hardened revolutionaries by the costs of two such forced marches in one lifetime, were both philosophically and psychologically inclined, and politically able, to move in that direction much more rapidly and extensively. That they did so as a consequence of their own strength seems established by comparing the timing of such reforms with Russia's absolute and relative power positions as of 1945-47 and 1954-56.

Thus this review of the record appears to verify Churchill's insight about the irony of containment. In his own inimitable and fumbling way, moreover, Secretary Dulles has further substantiated this analysis. For he remarked, not long ago, that the present relaxation of tension was assured by American policy at Geneva. He seemed unaware, however, that such a comment implied the bankruptcy of the containment-liberation policy. But it does in fact do just that, for it was Eisenhower's assurance of peace, not the "get tough" language of Kennan, Acheson, Truman and Dulles, that convinced the Russians they could relax and embark upon reforms at home.

BUT Churchill's use of the adjective "sublime" must be questioned, for the costs of containment to Russia and the United States, let alone the rest of the world, can only with sarcasm be described as "sublime." It would seem more fitting to refer to it as the harsh irony of containment. Not only is this more accurate, but such a phrase might serve as a useful reminder to American leaders as they work out a program for coexistence.

It is even possible, and perhaps worthwhile, to suggest that the history of containment points a moral for the practice of coexistence. Nor need we be disturbed or disappointed that Thucydides saw it shining through his study of an earlier war. Indeed, we can let his statement of it stand for our time, too. It is very simple. It is also very true. Its only weakness is that those who would live by it must have great courage and self-containment. It reads as follows: "The greatest exercise of power lies in its restraint."

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THAT MAVERICK MORSE

Critical Test in Oregon . . *by Robert L. Riggs*

Washington

IT IS evidence of the jumbled state of political affairs that the candidate providing this year's one clear-cut showdown between two conflicting philosophies has been a member of his party less than two years.

There are many sham election battles throughout the nation in which it will be difficult to determine, without the help of a score-card, who is the Republican and who is the Democrat. But there is no doubt in Oregon. For all that Wayne Morse is a johnny-come-lately in formal party affiliation, he is one Democrat who can say that his votes, his public utterances, his entire record come close to coinciding with what the Democratic Party professes to stand for.

His opponent, Douglas McKay, is equally equipped to be the living symbol of what Republicanism is supposed to represent in the era of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Handpicked by the White House to undertake the chore of defeating the one Senator the President is said to despise, McKay has a firmer grip on the Eisenhower coattails than has any other Republican candidate. As the recently-resigned Secretary of the Interior, he embodies the Administration's controversial resources program, a program the President's lieutenants like to refer to as a "partnership policy," but which Democrats prefer to call the big giveaway.

FOR all that so much is at stake in the form of solid issues, the Oregon Senatorial contest is more bound up in personalities than perhaps any other in the country. More accurately, it is bound up in one personality. For, regardless of McKay's views and his relations with the President, the main issue will be Morse himself. There seems to be no neutral ground where he is concerned: you either admire him beyond measure or you grind your teeth in anger when his name is mentioned.

The pugnacious, bouncy Morse apparently wants it that way. His acid tongue is as ready to lash the people on his side as it is to attack the enemy. That trait made him the first to carry the attack directly to Dwight Eisenhower. For more than three years, Morse has been describing the President as "the most dangerous man who has been in the White House." As long ago as January, 1953, he declared him to be "completely lacking in political morality" and to be short both in principles and in judgment.

THE deep hatred which National Chairman Leonard W. Hall and other Republican leaders bear toward Morse arises, of course, largely from the fact that he left their party while still in office and reduced their numerical strength in the Senate. The emotions of the President and his close lieutenants go beyond the issue of party desertion. The Morse assault upon the President is, to them, a matter of personal desertion, for the Oregon Senator was one of the first Republicans to call for Eisenhower's nomination in 1952. As a practicing politician, he did something practical to bring about that nomination. As early as 1950, he urged Thomas E. Dewey to run again for the governorship of New York, arguing that unless he (Dewey) had control of the New York convention delegation, it probably would be impossible to stop Robert A. Taft and to give the nomination to Eisenhower. How much weight Dewey gave the Morse argument is debatable. But the governor did pursue the course Morse advocated and did make Eisenhower the nominee.

But by the time Dewey had finished the task Morse assigned him, by the time the 1952 convention closed, Morse was off the reservation—as completely disenchanted as he had once been enchanted with Eisenhower. It was not, of course, the first time he had fallen out of love. In 1947, he was among those who looked upon Harold E. Stassen as the shining hope of liberalism. But he got over that state of mind soon enough not to do any work for the former Minnesota governor at the 1948 convention.

EVEN before the 1952 Republican gathering in Chicago, Morse began to have doubts about Eisenhower based on the reports drifting back from Europe about Ike's "chief-of-staff complex." But Morse put aside these doubts and worked at Chicago for the general's nomination. His big jolt came when he learned that Eisenhower was willing to accept what Morse characterized as the "perfectly shocking" platform presented to the convention by the resolutions committee—a committee from which Morse was adroitly excluded. The Senator wanted to make a floor fight against the platform. But the leaders of the Eisenhower campaign feared such a row would cause the general to lose some conservative-minded delegates.

"It then dawned on me for the first time," Morse says, "that Eisenhower was not above political expediency."

The next step in his disillusionment came with word that Eisenhower wanted Richard M. Nixon to be his running mate. Morse had been trying to get the second-place post for Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts. "I was shocked," Morse says, "when two Eisenhower emissaries came to me and said Eisenhower was very much opposed to having anybody but Nixon nominated."

In spite of his disappointment, Morse still expected to support the nominee when he left the Chicago convention for a trip with Senator Russell Long to inspect NATO in-

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stallations in Europe. The trip did nothing to enhance Eisenhower's reputation in Morse's eyes. "I heard many serious criticisms of Eisenhower," he says. "Many men who had worked with him considered him to be just plain dumb and regarded him as a man whose idea of compromise was to do the expedient thing, irrespective of what principles might be sacrificed in doing it."

Even so, Morse had not yet changed his mind about supporting Eisenhower. Upon his return from Europe in September, however, a new element entered the picture. "I began listening to Adlai Stevenson, whom I had never met. As I compared his speeches with Eisenhower's, I realized that a historic and dramatic thing was taking place: a brilliant statesman was running for the Presidency for the Democrats, and a demagogue, who was obviously willing to commit any expedient act for support, was running for the Republicans.

"Every speech of Stevenson's I listened to thrilled me; and every speech of Eisenhower's keenly disappointed me. I soon found myself in the midst of a terrible conflict of conscience. As I talked to Eisenhower's emissaries, I came to recognize that Eisenhower's campaign was completely lacking in political morality."

SO Morse decided to abandon the Eisenhower campaign, but to take merely a stroll, not a walk. Soon, however, he felt impelled to make speeches for Stevenson. And because he had criticized Joseph H. Ball in 1944 for bolting the Republican nominee without leaving the party, Morse quit the Republicans. But he didn't join the Democrats. Hence, when Congress assembled in January, 1953, he was a Senator without a party. The majority party—the Republicans—took away his places on the Labor Committee and the Armed Services Committee. So far as Majority Leader Robert A. Taft was concerned, Morse could have stayed on Armed Services. But Taft didn't want him casting a deciding vote on Labor Committee legislation. The obstacle to retaining him on Armed Services was that Morse's old liberal Republican friend, John S. Cooper of Kentucky, wanted the post. So Morse was dropped from both.

Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson, to whom many looked to take care of Morse, steadfastly held to the position that it was the duty of the majority to provide for homeless Senators. For his part, Morse, with typical stubbornness, insisted it was the duty of the Senate itself, not of either party, to assign him to committees. There followed a wrangle in which most of Morse's liberal Democratic Senate friends, protecting their own choice committee posts, aligned themselves with both Taft and Johnson.

Perfectly content to castigate his Democratic friends, Morse soon had such liberals as New York's Herbert Lehman almost in tears over the issue of committee assignments. He referred to Lehman, Mike Mansfield of Montana and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota as "gutless wonders." Lehman was so upset that he offered to surrender his own Labor Committee seat so that Morse could have it. The Senator from Oregon, refusing to take what he called charity, remained during the two years of the session in the two minor committees to which Taft had sent him. He likewise maintained throughout that time his status as a member of the "Independent Party." As such, he frequently devoted most of the Friday afternoon Senate sessions to full reports on what he called decisions arrived at during a caucus of his one-man party. It was a device which did not cost him any popularity among Senators, because it enabled them to flee the city for a long weekend at home without fear something important would pop up on the chamber floor during their absence.

Although classifying himself as an Independent for two years, Morse voted with the Republicans to organize the Senate. But before the 1954 elections, he announced that after January, 1955, he would vote with the Democrats. His argument was that a heavy majority of the people had voted Republican in 1952; hence, the GOP had been entitled to organize that session of Congress regardless of Morse's personal feelings. But after the 1954 elections, according to his reasoning, the Republicans wouldn't need him if they won a majority. And if the Democrats won, he said, that would further justify his voting with them. As it turned out, his vote was almost essential to enable the Democrats to take charge in January, 1955.

THE 1954 election increased Morse's stature in the Senate in more than one way. In addition to having the deciding vote virtually in his own palm, he showed up with a new Democratic Senator from Oregon,

Two Views of Senator Morse

Capital Journal, Salem, Ore.

An Oregon "Bridey Murphy"

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Hellish Canyon Project

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the first that state had sent to Washington in forty years. With Richard L. Neuberger as his junior colleague, Morse became a man to whom Democratic Leader Johnson spoke with the highest respect. And when Morse formally became a Democrat, he won the affection of some of the most conservative Senators from Dixie. Certainly, the Democratic leadership of the chamber did its best to show its devotion. Although there is always a long line of applicants for appointment to the Foreign Relations Committee, one of the two seats available to the Democrats went to Morse. The other went to that freshman Senator, Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky. The Democrats also put Morse on the important Banking and Currency Committee.

As a result of this affection which grew up between Morse and the Democratic leadership, there has been none of the heckling that went on between them during the first two Eisenhower years. True, Morse doesn't go along as obediently as Johnson might wish. He was a member of that small band which fought Walter F. George when the foreign-relations chairman insisted on handing to President Eisenhower what many regarded as a blank check to make war at will over Formosa, Quemoy and Matsu. He joined Senator Lehman in protest when James Eastland, Mississippi's symbol of racism, was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee, which handles all Senate legislation dealing with civil rights.

But the more the Republicans hate Morse, the more the Democrats love him. There probably is not a Democratic Senate member, regardless of the horror with which he may view Morse's political philosophy, who would not do what he could to help him win re-election. Of course, that's not all altruism, for it may well be that upon a Morse victory will hang the decision whether several Southerners will continue to be committee chairmen or will revert to the status of ranking minority members.

The unanswered question at the moment is how Democratic sympathy for Morse will be translated into practical help during his campaign. All Democratic organizations, from the National Committee on through the Senatorial and Congressional campaign committees, have empty pockets. Morse estimates he will need $250,000 to put on a campaign that will come even close to what the Republicans are planning to do in behalf of McKay. This is in contrast to the $54,000 he spent in 1950 to defeat the "genuine Republican" who ran against him in the party primary. Morse had to pay off much of the 1950 expenditure by making lecture tours for months after he returned to the Senate. He had one important bit of help: for the fall campaign six years ago, the Republican Party organizations, for some reason never fully explained, allotted him $5,000 to go through the motions of beating a Democrat.

In most states dominated by one party, as Oregon has been for decades, it would be virtually impossible for anyone to do what Morse has done—change parties—and hope to win. In the ordinary one-party state, the political machine would quickly smash the rebel. Morse has no fear that such a fate will overtake him. The voters of Oregon, he says, are an independent breed. In philosophy, he believes, they are much closer to him than they are to Douglas McKay. Moreover, McKay has his own troubles; many Oregon Republicans resent him as an "imposed candidate" and there is considerable support, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, for his rival for the GOP Senatorial nomination, Phil Hitchcock.

So Morse is confident that the Eisenhower coattails will prove far less a help to McKay than the Republicans hope. The Oregon Republicans will have to run on the issues and on their party record. When that point arrives, Morse believes, McKay will have virtually no ground to stand on.

REVOLT AGAINST PETRILLO

Stirrings in Los Angeles . . *by Elizabeth Poe*

Los Angeles

FOR THE first time in his career as a union leader, James Caesar Petrillo, who for many years has been calling the tune for the members of the American Federation of Musicians, has a serious revolt on his hands. The rebels are the 2,000 members of Local 47 (second largest in the federation), who make the music for 97 per cent of the movies you see and for much of Hollywood-produced TV shows. Already the local has voted out of office its pro-Petrillo president, John te Groen, and his colleague, recording secretary Maury Paul. The oustings have been challenged as illegal by Petrillo and the matter may soon be going to the courts.

In the meantime the House Un-American Activities Committee, never slow to capitalize on labor conflicts, has opened hearings to determine whether the second fiddler or the cymbals-player in this or that Los Angeles orchestra is really a drum-beater for the Communists. Thirty-five subpoenas have been handed out, which exactly suits Petrillo because he would like it to be thought that the revolt against him is Communist "inspired." What labor leader in his position wouldn't feel the same way?

The actual immediate issue is a bread-and-butter one, involving the disposal of fees accruing to musicians in connection with the music they make for the movies, TV and

ELIZABETH POE recently completed a study of political blacklisting in the motion-picture industry for the Fund for the Republic.

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recordings. Beyond this, however, is the broader question of democracy in organized labor: Who should run a union, its members or absentee bosses?

First a little background. Under federation by-laws, the power to negotiate the musicians' contracts with national industries such as the movies, TV and phonograph companies rests not with the locals, but in Petrillo's office. The argument for this procedure is that unless the negotiating power is centralized, employers would be tempted to play locals against one another and thus destroy the musicians' bargaining power. Theoretically, Petrillo's powers as a negotiator can be reviewed at the federation's periodic national conventions. The A. F. M. has 700 locals which cast a total of 1,500 votes at the conventions, but no one local has more than ten votes. This means that the Los Angeles, New York and Chicago locals, which among them represent 20 per cent of the federation's membership and the great bulk of its total earning power, control only thirty votes.

Thus, so long as Petrillo can hold the support of the majority of the small locals scattered around the country, he can ignore the wishes of that fifth of his membership who play the most music, earn the most money and pay most for the support of the union. And this, according to the rebels of Local 47, is precisely what Petrillo has been doing.

THE immediate issue is the federation's large Musicians Performance Trust Fund, set up to give work to musicians by supplying free concerts and supporting symphony orchestras across the country. No one doubts the laudable cultural purpose of such an enterprise. But the Los Angeles musicians, who although they love culture must also eat, argue that while they are paying almost half of all moneys going into the trust fund each year, they are getting out of it no more than 4 per cent. This is because the Los Angeles players, located in one of the country's biggest markets for music, are obviously more steadily employed—and therefore need fewer grants-in-aid—than those of, say, Indianapolis or Milwaukee.

But the rebels' argument goes further. They say that most of the people profiting from fund disbursements are only "week-end" musicians whose basic means of support is non-musical; they are doctors, lawyers, clerks and factory hands. The violinist in a Hollywood studio, who depends upon such engagements for his livelihood, is not lacking in respect for the factory worker who wants to play the fiddle for the joy of Beethoven or even of a few extra bucks. He just feels that under the circumstances it isn't fair to expect him to finance this extra-curricular activity. And he is especially incensed when the player who gets help from the fund isn't even a federation member.

LOCAL 47 spokesmen agree that an unemployment fund is highly desirable for a union. But they argue that (1) it should be at the disposal only of union members and (2) no one should be eligible as a beneficiary unless he has worked a reasonable minimum of time at the musical profession. As things are, say the Local 47 rebels, Petrillo is using the fund to entrench his position with the small scattered locals whose votes he needs to maintain himself in power.

The money for the fund traces back to a variety of sources, all of which, on examination, bear a close resemblance to the musician's pocketbook. The rise of TV and the growing use of the film by the new medium created a problem: if the actor and writer got a rake-off from this operation, why shouldn't the musician? After some false starts, Petrillo finally negotiated a flat $25 fee for each musician involved when a movie film was sold to TV. But last June Petrillo decided that the trust fund, and not the musician, should get the fee. Local 47 has been in a turmoil ever since.

The fund also skims something off each time a phonograph recording or TV sound track is made. In the latter case, say the rebels, the skim is often so big that TV film producers find it cheaper to import the music. A foreign sound track can be made and flown to Hollywood for as little as $300 a show, whereas —in one instance, at least—a Hollywood-made sound track cost the producer $3,200: $1,600 to the musicians and $1,600 in payments to the fund. No wonder, say the rebels, that TV film music is being increasingly recorded abroad, and that, in the midst of the biggest show-business boom in Hollywood's history, unemployment is on the increase among local musicians.

PETRILLO'S supporters argue that music recorded here displaces musicians elsewhere in the country, and therefore local recording artists should agree to royalty payments to help out their less fortunate colleagues. But Local 47 insists that taking money from one under-paid musician to pay another is no way to combat the pernicious effects of modern technological progress. They ask that Petrillo demand, instead, that musicians enjoy the same performance rights as members of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, which would help control unfair competition between the live musicians and those who exploit recorded music for profit without payment to musicians. Radio stations, for instance, should be required to hire live orchestras in return for the use of a certain amount of recorded music.

It is odd that the Un-American Activities Committee should be moving into the picture at a time when a labor union is asking not for socialism but for some more American capitalism—more free enterprise and more private profit. But, then, many things the committee does are odd—including the fact that the thirty-five musicians it subpoened are not involved in the current fight, but were involved in a successful fight two years ago to amalgamate Local 47 with the federation's Los Angeles Negro local, a move opposed at the time by the pro-Petrillo forces.

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Poetic Means and Meanings

STORM AT CASTELFRANCO. By Chester Kallman. Grove Press. $1.
MOON'S FARM. By Herbert Read. Horizon Press. $3.
GREEN ARMOR ON GREEN GROUND. By Rolfe Humphries. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.
THE POEMS OF CATULLUS. Translated by Horace Gregory. Grove Press. $1.25.
SECTION: ROCK-DRILL. 85-95 de los cantares. By Ezra Pound. New Directions. $3.

By M. L. Rosenthal

ONE NIGHT a committee consisting of Lucifer, Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, Dr. Faustus and Albert Camus came to knock on Chester Kallman's door. Exactly what they told him I do not know—probably that ancient civilizations are terribly dead and Hell very forlorn. "Why, *this* is Hell," Mephistopheles must have said—repeating himself, of course—"nor are we out of it." And Chester Kallman listened, and nodded reluctantly, and wrote these poems of Death for every modern child of darkness to read.

It is the death of *hope* that is, reluctantly, Kallman's major theme—a sort of surrender of the will in advance, as of one who had studied Faustus' life too well:

> Hope that had been a habit of the will,
> Hope that could not believe
> The body awake at dawn, filling no day,
> Hope that could fill the empty morning
> With one note, is still.

But the melodic, soaring movement of these lines strains against their own negations. In the short poem "Page from a Diary," perhaps the single most successful piece in the collection, that rising movement has to be beaten down by imagery—at first shrieking, and always amazingly active and varied—until the poet forces his concept of hope to dwindle into its opposite:

> Then, savage and small as pond life,
> Familiar lust.

The pall of fatalistic dismay hanging over so many of Kallman's poems is to some extent fashionable, a post-war, post-Audenesque, post-Existentialist cliché. It is belied by the turbulent inner life of the writing itself. The pain and compassion of "The American Room" and "The Eavesdropper" do seem irreversible, but they are not really accepted finally as clues to the inevitable. The dedicatory sonnet, too, rings every futilitarian change, yet keeps itself buoyant through a boisterous foolery. "Night-Music" and "Aubade" catch up the true music of this whole book—an interwoven music of romanticism and fearful denial of belief—better, it seems to me, than do the longer, more pretentiously lugubrious "Atavisms" and "Elegy"; better, even, than the rich, involved title poem that concludes the volume with a genuine effort (beautifully managed in its final section, too long though that section is) at transcendence. Kallman's chief faults are discursiveness and a kind of brittle, clattering brightness. But when he comes clean in form and thought, his poetry breaks free of unnecessary heaviness and posturing and becomes an absorbing play of shifting forms and colors, lights and shadows: the awareness of a cultivated and conscientious mind. It is not the mind of Faustus at the point of damnation, or of Camus contemplating the impossibility of counting on a continuity with the future; it is more delicate, uncertain, caught among confusions—but nonetheless as real in its own right.

NOTHING in Herbert Read's new volume of poems, *Moon's Farm,* has the power of some of his earlier work—of "The Lament of St. Denis," for instance, which reads as if written in horror and agony and which ends with one of the most unbearable outcries of grief in modern poetry. Yet Read, a poet whose purity and authority have never won the response they deserve in our country, remains a master in a special sense. An utter truthfulness of heart enters his work. No other poet could match the deep quiet sensitivity of "The Death of Kropotkin" in this collection: the simple, incantatory description of the revolutionist's funeral, the sweet-spirited fineness of the idealism, the love for and rapport with another personality—all conveyed through the simplest of details, with an idiomatic unpresumptuousness that is almost homely, almost merely factual. This very sophisticated poet does not trouble, ordinarily, to strike out against what he abominates. His effort is to identify the values of the feeling self, and to organize the sensibility, plainly and simply, around them. The poems, therefore, are largely affirmations of or soundings for these values. Typical are "The Well of Life," one of Read's richest lyric pieces; "The Gold Disc," a romantic ode that helps define his secular quietism; and the brief, elegiac, "Grecian" pieces, so modern behind the classical surface. The poems in *Moon's Farm* constitute a body of work both graceful and morally intense. The title poem, a dialogue for three voices produced in 1951 by the BBC, is a projection of Read's views of life which it would be good to see produced in this country. In the midst of the hysterias, pressures and strainings of a television-viewer's ordinary evening, the calm, humble sanity of its ritualization of contemporary man's predicament might strike a response from Americans even more readily than from Englishmen.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is a poet of great facility, able to bring many resources to any problem of craft he chooses to attack. One has only to look at "Rhonabwy's Dream" to see his talent for dramatic narration. One has only to read the beginning of "Night Song of Dafyad ap Gwilym" to see his power to charm and intrigue the reader:

> All this I was doing
> Over a girl,
> In loneliness going
> Across the bare moor

M. L. ROSENTHAL is poetry editor of The Nation. *He is associate professor of English at New York University and his most recent book is* Exploring Poetry.

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In through the blind night
In the pitch of the darkness,
Lost from the high road.

And unfortunately, too, one has only to leaf through the pages of his new collection, *Green Armor on Green Ground,* to see at once his great weakness: a temptation to settle for less than he should, to indulge himself with easier effects than he might have achieved. This is largely a book of exercises, and Mr. Humphries in his introduction makes extremely modest claims for them. The exercises are in some rather rigorous forms—"the twenty-four official Welsh meters," together with some freer Welsh patterns—with direct translation held to a minimum but much effort to catch the flavor of the bards while assimilating the forms to English lyric tradition:

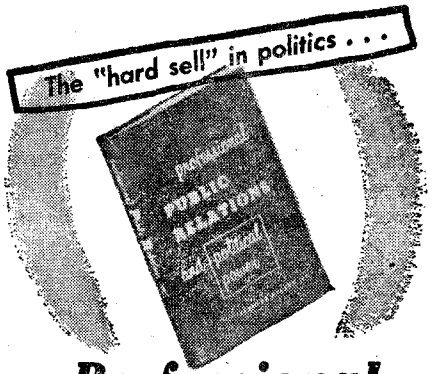
Softly, let the measure break
Till the dancers wake, and rise,
Lace their golden shoes, and turn
Toward the stars that burn their eyes.

The rhythm fits the desired pattern (the *awdl gywydd);* but, though deft, it is so bland that little comes of it. Humphries does use Cymric names (including place names) and idiomatic turns, together with archaic, humorous and earthy phrasings to give an edge of vitality to these exercises. His touch is light and easy; he gets some lovely and amusing effects. But he seldom reaches the necessary pitch at which originality and disciplined control converge—except momentarily: in the first stanza of "The Lore of Pryderi," in most of the slight, wispy "Merioneth," and here and there elsewhere. The best part of the book is the final group of poems "in the free meter," most of which were printed in earlier volumes and show a more concentrated, committed energy than has been applied to the bulk of these pieces.

HORACE GREGORY'S translations of Catullus first appeared in 1931, published then by Covici Friede. However, they have been out of print so long that we should utter at least a brief shout of welcome, now that they are available in a handsome paper-bound reprint with an elegant, informative introduction by Mr. Gregory. As he explains, the Catullan spirit matched many of his own interests as a young poet, and—under the influence partly of Synge and Pound, partly of his classical training and study of translations by Jonson and others—there was a happy coming together of many motivations. Classical studies and an interest in free verse served Gregory as checks on each other. The result is a fluent, freely adaptive precision that recaptures Catullus in all his moods—amorous, angry, exalted, bawdily satiric, desolate. The only disappointment is the omission (obviously for economic reasons) of most of the Latin originals.

THAT VAST CHURNING in the poetic seas?—It is Ezra Pound, age seventy, swimming in great, angry, choppy circles. He is closing in on his unique vision of the earthy Paradise, a vision distilled from many traditions yet infused with the sexual power of the life-force itself. These eleven new Cantos, grouped as *Section: Rock-Drill,* recapitulate root attitudes developed in the preceding eighty-four Cantos: in particular the view of the banking system as a scavenger feeding on the corpse of the Constitution in our country, and as the breeder of war and spiritual corruption in modern society generally; and the view of ancient Chinese history as an illuminating, often wholesomely contrasting analogue to that of the post-medieval West. (It is strange but accurate to think of the Cantos as descending, with some bastardies along the line, from the Enlightenment. They conceive of a world creatively ordered to serve human needs, a conception that is largely a rationalist one; hence the stress laid on the sanity of Chinese thought, the immediacy of the Chinese ideogram, the hardheaded realism of a certain strain of economic theory. It is a mistake to discount the importance of this aspect of Pound's work, however distorted in ways.)

There is a more mystical dimension to all this, provided by moments of pure vision in which the Paradise is glimpsed, glowing with the energies of ancient mythic imagination. A fuller revelation of this Paradise is now promised; particularly in Canto 90, a high point in the poem in its embodiment of Pound's linguistic, melodic and structural mastery and his gift for luminous creation. The section as a whole is a great summing-up before *The Cantos* —in the making, and often revised, for more than forty years—is brought



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to conclusion. Taken by itself, the new group can only hint at the diversity, the drive, the hard surfaces of the entire work. I hope to deal in a later essay with this great experiment and with the character of Pound's virtuosity, which seeks to extend the limits of poetic art in an enterprise so daringly complex that it risks losing the main chance in a wilderness of multiplicities—including the intellectual and political eccentricities and excesses which have caused such bitter controversy.

Evolution of Courtesy

GOOD BEHAVIOUR. By Harold Nicolson. Doubleday and Company. $4.

By Edwin Muir

THIS IS A learned, curious, entertaining book. It tells us as much about human nature as about manners. Sir Harold Nicolson's object is to "depict certain patterns of behavior which, at different dates and in different places, have been evolved by minorities as representing the culture of their time." At the start he mentions briefly the manners prevailing in certain circles of the animal kingdom, the "greeting and courting postures" of birds, "snobbishness among hens," and kindred matters, but soon passes on to the behavior of civilized societies. He is most interesting on the manners of Greece and of England, and draws an attractive picture of the aristocratic English gentleman in the sixty years before the Reform Bills of 1830: "frank and outspoken, capable of manly sentiment, even of sensibility," yet shunning vulgar ostentation, and "able easily to converse with jockeys, trainers, boxers and fencing masters." The code of this privileged class has a distant resemblance to that of ancient Athens, but tinged with an artificiality which Socrates and his circle never knew. It was destroyed, as we know, by the cult of respectability which afflicted England, the United States and most of the countries in Western Europe in the nineteenth century. Sir Harold brings this to horrible life, but he is unfair in attributing to Jane Austen a base deference to it. She certainly described a highly respectable section of society (though it had its villains, its Mr. Wickhams and Walter Elliotts), but her sympathies were with Elizabeth Bennett and Anne Elliott, and I fancy she herself resembled Marianne in *Sense and Sensibility* more than Elinor.

The social conventions which arise in the course of history throw an extraordinary light on human nature at its best and its worst. Manners can be used for evil purposes as well as for good. Sir Harold shows them at their worst in his description of the court of Louis XIV, where they were mainly weapons of offense and defense. His account of the early phase of civility, on the other hand, gives a touching picture of the ignorance and good intentions of mankind: the earnest exhortation to the young not to spit across the table, not to clean your teeth with your knife, or rub your back against a pillar when it itches. We feel we are at the true birth of good manners. The lack of hygiene in the early stages of civility brought up all sorts of problems which no longer trouble well-mannered men. Versailles in the reign of Louis XIV was splendid, pompous, ceremonious and shockingly insanitary.

Sir Harold holds truly that consideration for others is the foundation of good manners and good behavior. This being so, good manners exact something more than ordinary kindness, and cannot do without some degree of sensibility and imagination. There are fortunate people who seem to have been born with a natural courtesy and have added to it a refinement of human understanding which merely expresses more perfectly their original disposition. They are the flower of manners. On others manners seem to dangle loosely like an ill-fitting overcoat. On others still they fit so tightly that they shut out any spontaneous impulse of good will. The heart rebounds from them. It was considered to be ill-mannered at one time, Sir Harold says, to laugh loudly in company. That was a barbarous regulation, and summons up a gallery of silently, secretly smiling faces: a most sinister picture. There are also the manners assumed for the long and laborious climb up the social scale, the most pathetically detestable of all: manners perverted from their fundamental nature.

Sir Harold deals chiefly with Greek, Roman, early Christian, medieval, German, French and English manners. I think he is a little unfair to the early Christians, the conventions of chivalry and the French in general. But on all the others he is wise and illuminating. He writes from his experience of many countries and many classes, and from his reading, which is both wide and curious. His book is not only informative and entertaining, but is a contribution to our knowledge of human life, and the measures which various civilizations have taken to give it a form and a style.

EDWIN MUIR, the Scottish poet, novelist and critic, is now lecturing at Harvard University.

Faith in Freedom

THE SECRET OF DEMOCRACY. By Suzanne Labin. The Vanguard Press. $5.

By Alan Barth

"FREEDOM is not an end in itself, but a *means* of advancing. Its highest value rests on the fact it is a tool, not an achievement." This is the central thesis of Suzanne Labin's fervent, reasoned defense of democracy. It appears to be "the secret of democracy" insofar as she offers any definition of her title. In point of fact, it is a vital secret, not fully understood even by democrats and frequently forgotten in these times when any form of individual freedom is likely to be considered a peril to national security.

But freedom, as Mme. Labin makes plain, is an asset, not a liability—from the point of view of the society possessing it no less than from the point of view of its individual members. It is not a luxury to be enjoyed only in untroubled times but a source of stability and strength, needed most and most urgently in times of stress.

The great virtue of Mme. Labin's book lies in its patient, rational examination and dissection of the indictments which Fascists and Communists have leveled at democracy—that democracy is stagnant and

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totalitarianism dynamic, that democracy is corrupt and essentially weaker than dictatorship, that partisan politics obscures the national interest in democratic states, that political democracy without social democracy is a delusion, that the common people are too ignorant to be capable of self-government.

To the refutation of these charges, Mme. Labin brings passion, eloquence and wit. Her book flashes with phrases which one is tempted to call Gallic; but they have been translated from the French so effectively and so colloquially by Otto E. Albrecht that they seem altogether native. Replying to the totalitarian accusation that democracies are corrupt because they are demonstrably imperfect, she observes: "Our democracy is not rotten because an official has taken a bribe, any more than a girl is a prostitute because she has had a lover." Of authoritarian inflexibility, she says: "A totalitarian accepts his opinion as Cyrano did his nose; the more repulsive it is, the less he brooks criticism of it." Regarding the doctrinaire bases of totalitarianism, she remarks: "Universal keys, unitary theories and infallible doctrines are only pretentious ways of remaining in ignorance. By banishing doubt, they quench inquiry and inflame intolerance. The cult of transcendent causes has followed a career that begins with the absolute and ends with the revolver."

Mme. Labin loathes communism—and, indeed, every form of tyranny. And most of all she loathes the pietistic pretense which leads apologists for communism to equate racial discrimination and isolated lynchings of Negroes in the United States with slave labor camps and political purges in the Soviet Union: "In the case of the United States, it is anonymous outbreaks in which only the lowest members of society secretly indulge; in the USSR, it is an immense river of blood spilled in broad daylight by the supermen of society."

Mme. Labin is not uncritical of the defects of democracy. But she has a vibrant faith in the capacity of the democratic process to remedy the defects. Such faith is rare enough in these days when so many vociferous patriots are striving to defend democracy by emulating totalitarian techniques. Therefore her book is heartening and refreshing.

Theatre

Harold Clurman

I WAS utterly absorbed by and thoroughly enjoyed Samuel Beckett's already famous *Waiting for Godot* (Golden). It is necessary to begin this way—it is not usually important for a reviewer to express so bald a reaction—because much abstruse and quite simple nonsense will probably be written apropos of this play.

But even if I did not like the play, I should still admire it. I have my reservations, yet I think it a masterpiece. But should it prove not to be a masterpiece, I should still insist on its importance. This is no paradox; I am merely suggesting that there are various ways of viewing the play —all of them relevant.

It is a poetic harlequinade—tragicomic as the traditional Commedia dell' Arte usually was: full of horse play, high spirits, cruelty and a great wistfulness. Though the content is intellectual to a degree, the surface, which is at once terse, rapid and prolix in dialogue, is very much like a minstrel show or vaudeville turn.

The form is exactly right for what Beckett wishes to convey. Complete disenchantment is at the heart of the play, but Beckett refuses to honor this disenchantment by a serious demeanor. Since life is an incomprehensible nullity enveloped by colorful patterns of fundamentally absurd and futile activities (like a clown's habit clothing a corpse), it is proper that we pass our time laughing at the spectacle.

We pass the time, Beckett tells us, waiting for a meaning that will save us—save us from the pain, ugliness, emptiness of existence. Perhaps the meaning is God, but we do not know Him. He is always promised us but he never recognizably appears. Our life is thus a constant waiting, always essentially the same, till time itself ceases to have significance or substance. "I can't go on like this" man forever cries; to which the reply is "That's what you think." "What'll we do? What'll we do?" man repeatedly wails. The only answer given—apart from suicide, which is reticently hinted at—is to wait: "In the meantime let us try to converse calmly, since we are incapable of keeping silent."

What is all this if not the concen-

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Bill of Rights Fund Grants

A Partial List of Recipients . . .

Except in six cases (economic aid and civil liberties education, not listed here) all grants made by the Fund have been for legal expenses. Most of the cases are summarized according to issues.

First Amendment Cases

DR. LLOYD BARENBLATT, former Vassar College teacher, and DR. HORACE CHANDLER DAVIS, formerly at Michigan U, indicted for contempt of Congress for refusal to testify before House Un-American Activities Committee. Barenblatt's case on appeal.

DR. LEON J. KAMIN, formerly of Harvard, McCarthy Committee witness, acquitted of contempt charge in December 1955.

WILLIAM PRICE, Newspaper Guild member questioned by Eastland Subcommittee; subsequently dismissed from his Daily News job.

MR. AND MRS. HERMAN LIVERIGHT and four other witnesses subpoenaed by Eastland Subcommittee in New Orleans in 1956.

Fifth Amendment Cases

LEO SHEINER, Miami, Fla., first attorney disbarred for pleading Fifth Amendment. Won his case in Florida Supreme Court, but is again faced with disbarment, this time for alleged Communism.

PROF. BARROWS DUNHAM, formerly of Temple U., Un-American Activities Committee witness, indicted for contempt, acquitted in 1955.

Religious Freedom Grants

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, Los Angeles, a test case of Calif. Levering Act requiring loyalty oaths from religious institutions as a condition of tax exemption. Oath considered a violation of First Amendment provision separating church and state.

VERN DAVIDSON, Nat. Secy., Young Socialist League, jailed for three years when his conscientious objector plea was denied.

Internal Security Act of 1950 (McCarran Act)

JEFFERSON SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, N. Y. C., for appeal from an order of the Subversive Activities Control Board to register as a "Communist front" under this Act.

Smith Act

ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG and GEORGE BLAKE CHARNEY, New York Communist leaders, for legal expenses in new trial granted after Harvey Matusow confessed he testified falsely against them.

CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT, Illinois Communist leader, and JUNIUS SCALES, North Carolina, first defendants convicted under Smith Act membership clause. Both have appealed to U. S. Supreme Court.

State Sedition Laws

STEVE NELSON. A grant for an amicus curiae brief, and another grant for direct legal defense of Nelson, Communist leader convicted in 1952 for violating Pennsylvania's Sedition Act. The State Supreme Court's reversal of Nelson's conviction was affirmed by U. S. Supreme Court, which decided, 6-3, that prosecutions for sedition are exclusively the jurisdiction of Federal Government.

MR. AND MRS. CARL BRADEN and LEWIS LUBKA, of Louisville, Ky., indicted in 1954 with four other defendants under the State's hitherto untested sedition act. Braden was tried, found guilty and sentenced to 15 years and a $5,000 fine. Case on appeal.

U. S. Army Undesirable Discharges

EIGHT SOLDIERS, for a suit to enjoin Army from giving them undesirable discharges for alleged subversive activities prior to induction.

Immunity Act of 1954

WILLIAM LUDWIG ULLMANN and EDWARD J. FITZGERALD, for test cases challenging constitutionality of Immunity Act, which undermines Fifth Amendment by offering witnesses immunity from prosecution to compel testimony. Ullmann's case reached U.S. Supreme Court, which in March 1956 upheld constitutionality of Immunity Act, 7-2.

U. S. Attorney General's List of Subversive Organizations

NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD, for a case testing constitutionality of this arbitrary list.

REBECKA PETERS, for a suit against New York Housing Authority, testing constitutionality of the Gwinn Amendment, which bars members of organizations on Attorney General's list from tenancy in federally-aided housing projects. Mrs. Peters won her case.

Passport Suits

DR. OTTO NATHAN, executor of Albert Einstein estate, who brought one of first court suits for a passport. After long legal fight, Dr. Nathan obtained his passport.

DR. JEROME DAVIS, sociologist-teacher, whose application for a passport for travel to Far East was eventually granted.

Other Grants

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH, AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, for general legal defense work.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH, ACLU, for similar work.

EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE, for legal aid fund.

JAMES KUTCHER, legless veteran, for a suit to regain his job in Veterans Administration, which dismissed him because of his membership in Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyite). Suit is still in the courts.

JAMES A. HUTCHIN, Socialist Labor Party member, for a suit asking damages from Rohr Aircraft Corp., which discharged him for distributing Socialist Labor Party pamphlets.

ABRAM FLAXER, for appeal from his contempt of Congress conviction resulting from refusal to produce for Senate Internal Security Subcommittee the names of 30,000 members of United Public Workers Union.

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trate in almost childlike images of the contemporary European—particularly French—mood of despair, a distorted mirror reflection of the impasse and disarray of Europe's present politics, ethic, and common way of life? If this play is generally difficult for Americans to grasp as anything but an exasperatingly crazy concoction, it is because there is no immediate point of reference for it in the conscious life of our people.

Art, someone has said, is the articulation of an experience. Beckett's experience is almost commonplace by now to the middle-class European *intelligentsia* and valid by virtue of that fact alone—and his expression of it is sharply witty, inventive, theatrically compact. (He uses even boredom as a means of entertainment.) Yet the play may be said to be too long, too simple, too clear, too symmetrical a fairy tale, because it is an abstraction. Abstract art, it often occurs to me, is far too logical and direct as compared to the more "realistic" art. We see through too soon to its meaning. *Hamlet* is in many ways still a puzzle to us, because its abstract significance is part of the complex stuff of its material, which being humanly concrete must be somewhat elusive. In *Waiting for Godot*, almost everything is named. When abstraction is so clear, our attention weakens. As soon as we perceive the play's design everything else appears superogatory.

Finally, I do not accept what *Waiting for Godot* says. When it is over my innermost being cries out "'taint so." We all, at times, feel as Beckett does (so much, alas, in the contemporary world gives us reason to do so), but in the sum of everyday living we give this mood the lie. Beckett is what in modern times we call a genius: he has built a cosmos out of the awareness of a passing moment. But what saves humanity is its mediocrity: its persistence in becoming wholly involved in the trivia of day-to-day physical concerns out of which arise all our struggles and aspirations, even to the most exalted level. It is this "stupid" appetite for life, this crass identity with it, which is its glory, sometimes called divine.

I can imagine a number of different ways of staging the play. Herbert Berghof's way of doing it is admirably understanding of its dual aspect: the farcical and the pathetic. I missed certain depths of feeling and poetic exaltation, a certain anguished purity which the play may have, but I am not at all sure that this lack should be ascribed to the play's direction. Even so, Bert Lahr (a true and wonderful clown with a face that conveys all), E. G. Marshall, Alvin Epstein and the others are remarkably good—and likely to improve with further playing. All in all, a memorable evening.

Films

Robert Hatch

ALTHOUGH by now as much a myth as the Cardiff giant, Primo Carnera is still in splendid health and primitive high spirits. That, I think, is the salient point of interest in Carol Reed's *A Kid for Two Farthings*. This Wolf Mankowitz story is commercial sentimentality—easy tears and concentrated sugar on the surface, but at heart cold and contrived. Reed has made a mawkish, calculated picture of it, exploiting the child lead, a six-year-old named Jonathan Ashmore, for his china-doll prettiness and apparently not caring that he is little more communicative than a china doll.

The kid of the title is a baby goat with a deformed single horn; the boy buys it in the belief that it is a unicorn and can work miracles. One of the miracles is that Carnera, cast in his real-life role of professional wrestler, should be beaten in a grudge fight by one of those curly-headed weightlifters whose pictures appear on the covers of health magazines. This comes to pass, in a scene of revolting but phony brutality, and all Petticoat Lane (a pretty London slum) rejoices at the chain of happy events that follows. The color is gaudy; the tone is cute—a long fall from *The Fallen Idol*, where Reed worked with the inventions and insights of Graham Greene.

IF PICTURES could be opposites of one another, then *Lovers and Lollipops* would be the opposite of *A Kid for Two Farthings*. It is unpretentious, honest and above contrivance, and its plain little girl is brilliantly eloquent. *Lovers and Lollipos* is by Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin, who earlier made *The Little Fugitive*. They have developed a spare and effective style which resembles, but is not the same as, the documentary. It is as though a very-talented amateur photographer had taken a concentrated sequence of snapshots of a few people and arranged them in an album to tell a story. The photography is remarkable only in that it is surpassingly explicit and the performers do not so much act as assume poses that reveal as clearly and completely as possible the implications of a particular moment in the developing situation.

This gives the movie a somewhat static quality and there are moments also when the camera seems to run on because the action happens to be composing well, and not because the footage is adding much to the story. Each scene is edited for itself, not for the picture as a whole. On the other hand, the story has an intimacy and a credibility only rarely achieved by conventional means. I suspect that this artless art has a limited vocabulary, that it is no real substitute for the rich rhetoric of the theatre and would soon become a cliché. But as an experiment in naturalism it is most winning.

The picture concerns a widow (Lori March) and her little girl (Cathy Dunn), who one summer meet a young fellow (Gerald O'Loughlin) on leave from his business. They wander about New York together—The Museum of Modern Art, Central Park, The Statue of Liberty, one of the nearby beaches. The man and woman fall in love; the little girl is acutely watching, sharply testing for her place in this new love. There is a flare-up, the chance of happiness is almost missed, but in the end the three come together and become a family. It is not a memorable story, but it is a charming one and presented with real affection for the awkwardness and sweetness of human relations.

READERS who think they have exhausted the possibilities of the can-can are invited to see what Jean

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Renoir has done with the dance. *French Cancan* is a bright and foolish musical comedy, run up with some wit and performed at top speed and a flirt of the skirts. Jean Gabin, a little jaded, plays the original impresario of the Moulin Rouge; Francoise Arnoul is the prettiest of his protegées. The picture makes the preposterous assumption that Montmartre at the turn of the century was the abode of happy-go-lucky innocence and the music lilts out a child-like gaiety.

But it is the dance itself, which brings the picture to a whirling, abandoned conclusion, that you will remember. It is a ridiculously obvious dance, requiring energy and suppleness, but almost no talent. Renoir has staged it (with what historical authority I do not know) in a section cleared of the customers' little tables, and it turns almost at once into an erotic rout, with screaming, high-kicking girls being caught and flung into the air by silk-hatted sports. It sounds messy, but it looks joyous and proud of its animal strength. The French have an unrivaled gift for treating sex as a clean joke.

Music

B. H. Haggin

WHEN Oistrakh played Mozart's Violin Concerto K.219 with the New York Philharmonic I noted the tone that was made over-rich by vibrato and the phrasing that was made over-expressive by swells and portamento, as against the pure tone and simple sustained phrasing of the performance on Period 590, which he recorded in Russia a few years ago. I now find similar differences between his performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto on Angel 35162, which he recorded in 1954 with the Stockholm Festival Orchestra under Ehrling, and the earlier Russian one on Concert Hall 1303: the elaborating inflection of phrase in the more recent performance at times seems to me excessive for Beethoven, and the occasional portamento slide and archness I don't like in any music.

I have also heard Milstein's performance of this concerto with the Pittsburgh Symphony under Steinberg on Capitol P-8313; and Milstein's leaner tone and simpler phrasing, his quiet lyricism and general distinction, make this one of the finest performances of the work I can recall.

The continence of tone, phrasing and style of Oistrakh's Russian performances of the Mozart and Beethoven concertos is heard in his beautiful playing in Bach's Concerto in E with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, on Columbia ML-5087. The record also offers an excellent performance of Bach's Concerto in A minor by Isaac Stern in his more vigorous style; and the two violinists play admirably an arrangement of Vivaldi's Concerto Op. 3 No. 8 from *L'Estro Armonico,* in which the finale is replaced by an unidentified movement from another work. In these performances it is the Philadelphia strings, as conducted by Ormandy, that sound heavy and over-rich.

Two years ago I reported a Town Hall performance of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* by the Virtuosi di Roma in which the extraordinary string-playing and superb musical style rose to exciting incandescence. The performance is no less incandescent and exciting now on Victor LHMV-26, and makes this one of the outstanding records of the year.

Similar brilliant string-playing and musical style, with interesting differences in tempo and phrasing, are heard in the performance of *The Four Seasons* by I Musici on Epic LC-3216. I would want both performances; but if I had to choose one I would decide for the Virtuosi.

Neither the transparent and sharply defined string tone from these two small groups of real virtuosos, nor the sharply detailed inflection to which the tone lends itself, is heard in the performance of *The Four Seasons* by the strings of the London Philharmonia Orchestra under Carlo Maria Giulini, on Angel 35216. But with the more voluminously rich sound of the large group of strings and the musical taste of Giulini's operation it is a beautiful performance of its kind; and it is given additional musical life, interest and effectiveness by Thurston Dart's unusually inventive realization of the continuo part on the harpsichord.

Serkin does some of his better—less crude and violent—playing in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, on Columbia ML-5037 (with the Concerto No. 2); but he never comes anywhere near Schnabel's playing on Victor LCT-1131, which is some of the most beautiful he ever recorded—relaxed, spacious, lovely in sound, with the old art in salient outlining and articulating of phrase newly refined and subtilized, the total effect one of matured clarification. I should warn

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that this post-war Schnabel recording of the Concerto No. 4 will soon be unavailable—after which, however, there will still be the great 1933 one that Victor issued a year ago with his pre-war recordings of the other four Beethoven concertos in LCT-6700. The performances are excellently reproduced, and are the ones to acquire of these works.

Schnabel's art in inflection and articulation of phrase was nowhere more effective than in Mozart's concertos; and one hears nothing remotely like it in Backhaus's colorless playing in the Concerto K.595 on London LL-1282 (with the Sonata K.331). The performance with the Vienna Philharmonic also suffers from Böhm's sluggish pacing of the first movement.

Mozart's almost never played Piano Concertos K.414 and 415 are minor specimens of the genre, of which the first has only a moderately engaging Andante movement, but the second has in addition a few interesting moments at the end of the exposition and beginning of the development in the first movement, and an affecting episode in minor that occurs twice in the finale. In the performances on Epic LC-3214 van Otterloo provides good orchestral contexts with the Vienna Symphony for playing by de Groot that is brutally percussive in the Allegros but more agreeable and musically effective in the Andantes.

Alexei Haieff's building up of sustained tension with explosive ostinato figures in his Piano Concerto is no mere imitation of Stravinsky: the ideas he works with are his own, and the work he produces with them is as individual as it is arresting. It is played well on EMG E-3243 by Sondra Bianca and the Hamburg Philharmonia under Hans-Jurgen Walther; and on the same record are good performances by Leo Smit of Haieff's *Five Pieces for Piano* and *Four Juke Box Pieces*, several of which are engaging.

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Tuesday, May 8

PHIL SILVERS SHOW (CBS). The multi-award-winning Sergeant Bilko (Silvers) is caught between a wedding and army maneuvers in this episode, "The War Games."

DEEP FREEZE (ABC; Warner Brothers Presents). Antarctic melodrama. A team of scientists installing automatic weather devices at the South Pole is confronted with a series of weird events.

Wednesday, May 9

THE DUNNINGER SHOW (ABC). Debut of a weekly appearance of the old master mentalist, who will perform his feats on subjects selected from the audience.

HONEST IN THE RAIN (CBS; U. S. Steel Hour). Ethel Merman stars in her second dramatic appearance on TV. Theatre Guild production.

Saturday, May 12

THE MUSIC OF GERSHWIN (NBC; Max Liebman Presents). One hopes Mr. Liebman will have profited from his recent unhappy experiences and will give this beloved music the presentation it deserves. (Color).

GABBY HAYES SHOW (ABC). In line with this network's family audience programming, their new weekly feature will star old-timer Hayes telling a tall story, followed by an "action-packed" drama of the Wild, Wild West.

Radio; May 6

EDGAR BERGEN HOUR (CBS). A special broadcast to celebrate Bergen's and Charlie's twentieth-year of broadcasts. There will be transcribed highlights from a half-dozen of their greatest sessions.

WORLD MUSIC FESTIVALS (CBS). Start of the fourth summer season of this series will be "Die Goetterdaemmerung," with Kirsten Flagstad, in a three-broadcast performance recently recorded in Norway. James Fassett is music commentator.

A. W. L.

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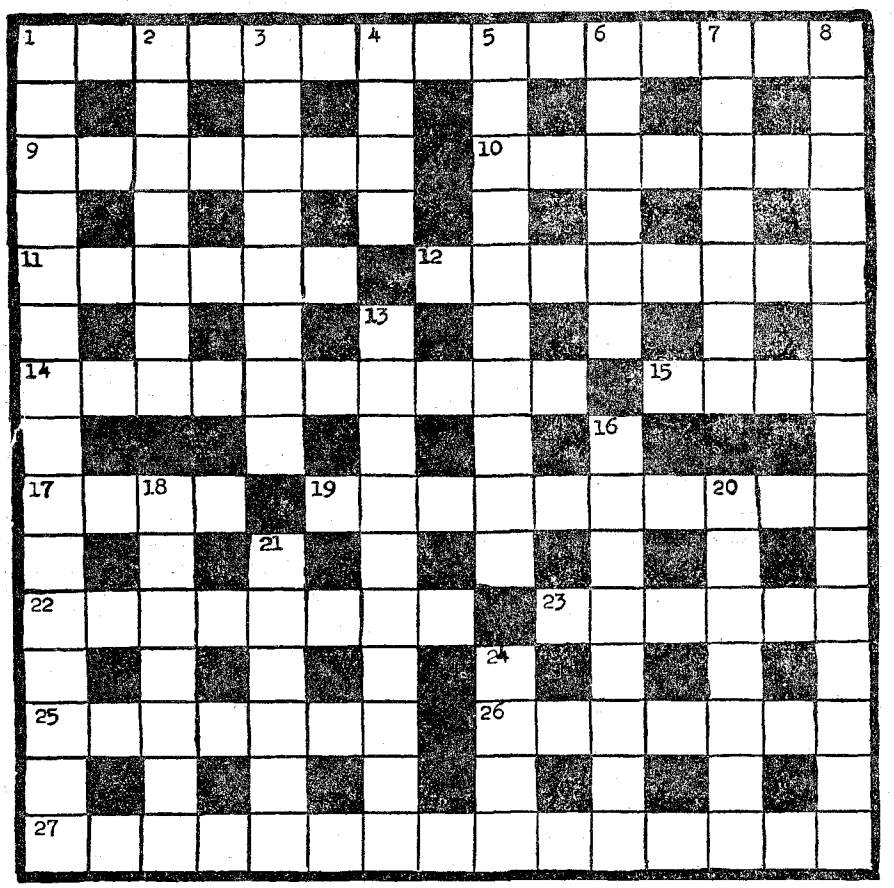
Crossword Puzzle No. 670

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 She counts it paid, being somewhat simple. (15)

9 Not an act of the faithful. (7)

10 Perhaps with a degree of styptic applied to a ball of fire in turn. (7)

11 It's only the beginning! (6)

12 The famous flow in the turbulent Dee, with unpredictable behavior. (8)

14 Puts a surcharge on postage stamps, perhaps. (10)

15 The flow of 17. (4)

17 Evidently there's a broken bit of glass in back. (4)

19 An unruly man in court would hardly be expected to wax emotional (10)

22 One of these might make his mark in the list of runners. (8)

23 The duties of government. (6)

25 Reputedly no detours in flight. (3-4)

26 Where one might resort to a tail-twisting? (7)

27 Implying other than a court manner. (15)

DOWN

1 It's hard to say such things, but Uncle Abe is a trifle uncertain about you, for example. (15)

2 Things are looking up, instead of duty being done. (7)

3 A number finally would make a speech of invective out of place. (8)

4 A simple description could be made in a rather useless manner. (4)

5 Marked by the passage of trains on it? (10)

6 There's a reason for such things, but if we got upset it might be less pressing. (6)

7 No agent would be so welcome to a shpiping firm. (7)

8 Certainly not in the manner of the civil service. (15)

13 In the course of the evening, this might allow you some discrimination. (6,4)

16 The sort of hair a man of title manufactured. (8)

18 An administrative officer has to be almost flawless. (7)

20 Putting a quartet (or even a half-dozen) in the test wouldn't be very important. (7)

21 Hunking? (6)

24 It's a town in Piedmont. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 669

ACROSS: 1 GONE TO SEED; 6 CERE; 10 LETTISH; 11 TOWPATH; 12, 26 and 8 down PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION; 13 THUMB; 15 URGES; 17 CAMEMBERT; 19 TELLTALES; 21 RATIO; 23 ELVER; 24 THEOREMS; 27 ENTRAIN; 28 GALLANT; 29 TASK; 30 CORRECTION. DOWN: 1 GILL; 2 and 14 down NOTHING BUT THE BEST; 3 TWIST; 4 SPHERICAL; 5 ESTES; 7 ERASURE; 9 TWO-TIMER; 16 SATURDAY; 18 MESSENGER; 20 LEVITES; 22 TYMPANI; 24 TANGO; 25 RELIC.

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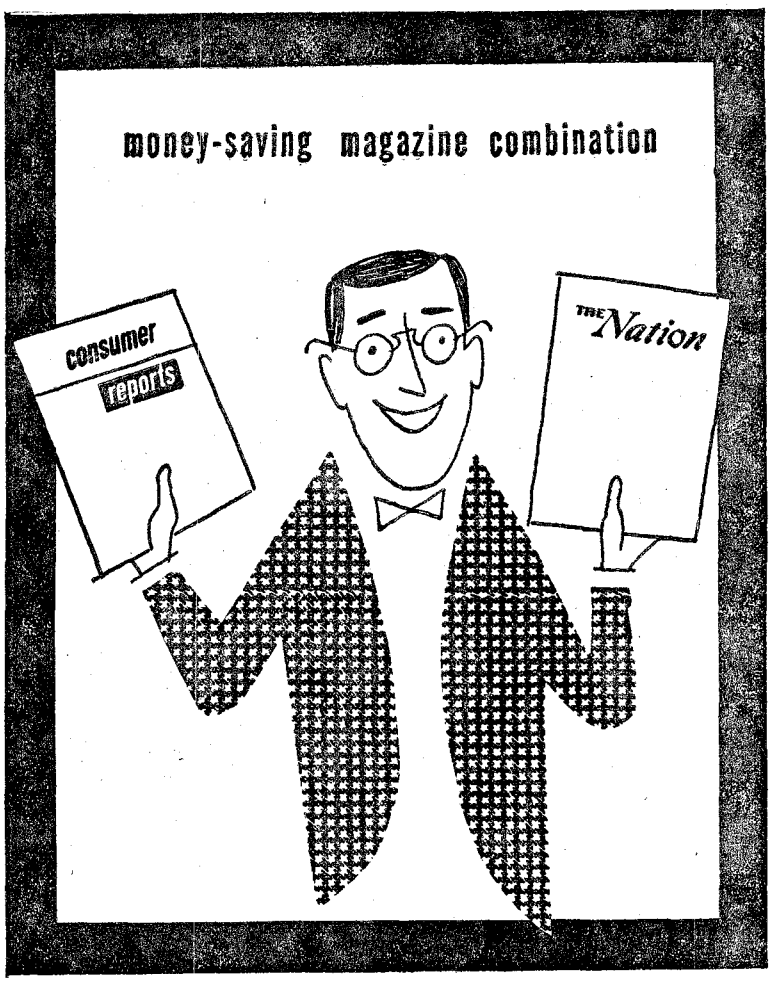

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